

Better Than Ezra, One More Murder

ONE MORE MURDER IN THIS TOWN,
DON'T MEAN A THING JUST LOCK YOUR DOORS
AND DRIVE AROUND.

ONE MORE MURDER IN THIS TOWN,
DON'T WORRY THE RAIN WILL
WASH THE CHALK MARKS FROM THE GROUND.

SATURDAY NIGHT, SHOTS RING OUT,
ADD ONE TO THE BODY COUNT.

YOU COME ALIVE TO SEE ANOTHER'S END.

PLEAD IT TO A LESSER COUNT,

D.A. SAYS WITHOUT A DOUBT,

IN 3-5 YOU'RE ON THE STREETS AGAIN.

ONE MORE MURDER IN THIS TOWN

DON'T MEAN A THING

YOU GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE SOUND

ONE MORE MURDER IN THIS TOWN

BLOCK OFF THE STREET AND

WRAP THE CRIME SCENE TAPE AROUND.

HOSANNA! HOSANNA!

I CAN'T FEEL A THING AT ALL!

HOSANNA! HOSANNA!

I CAN'T FEEL A THING!

I CAN'T FEEL A THING AT ALL!

SATURDAY NIGHT YOU'RE GOING OUT

PARKING LOT, A FIGURE COME ABOUT

FEEL A PIECE CLICK AGAINST YOUR HEAD.

PLEADING TO HIS SYMPATHY,

"TAKE THE CAR, I GOT A FAMILY"

YOU HEAR A LAUGH,

"IT DON'T MEAN SHIT TO ME."

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